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History of Uncle Sam

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History of Uncle Sam

A stands for America
In U. S. A.
Of her we sing,
For her we pray.

U stands for united
As S stands for states,
That is Uncle Sam of us all,
The lesser and great'st.

Uncle Sam was fathered
By a brave noble sire,
Who said he would free his country.
He was no liar.

At a cherry tree, he took a hack,
Then later on at the Union Jack.
Friends in France he did not lack,
While making King George take it back.

When Uncle Sam was born
He was poor and frail,
We hear him still
In freedom's wail;

As he lifts from Alien eyes
The blinding veil,
And they behold the blessing of Freedom,
And with him as free as Adam's Ale.

With doves and eagles nestling peacefully
Within his pale,
As out from the watch tower's
Topmost rail;

Keep an earnest vigil,
For the enemy that might dare assail,
Liberty's loved cause, for which he sacrifices
Without pause that it may prevail.

This same Uncle Sam
Through his motherland,
Has broken the hold
Of oppression's hand;

But not before
It had been made to feel,
The blighting tread
Of the tyrant's heel;

But good Columbia
Said her prayers, and in God trusted,
As she never for aught
But liberty lusted.

For she was ever as wise
As she was beautiful and bright,
In that all agree:
And while they thought her using up,

Their unwelcome tea,
She was spilling it down
Into the deep blue sea,
And making way for liberty.

Though poor and alone,
Onward she reeled,
Receiving wound after wound
That refused to be healed.

Till driven at length
Barefooted to the battlefield,
There to meet in death's combat
A terrible van

Of well shod and equipped soldiers,
Every man ragged, cold and hungry,
But her sacred rights she would never yield,
While she had a living arm, a sword to wield.

She was there for mankind,
Their liberty to shield,
And while bleeding and dying
On many a crucial field,

Forecasting the fate of kings and kaisers,
In time to be sealed
While in eternity alone
Could their crimes be revealed.

Why the cause of liberty for mankind
Is as just as Columbia's
Hopes were high,
That's far above the starlight sky

And as great deeds are done
By those who work and pray and try.
The Frenchmen came,
And it was Johnny good bye.

For all those liberty loving kids
Jumped in, and out of that jam,
With liberty for the world to enjoy
And a name for the new boy Uncle Sam.

That has since grown to be
The most classy man,
And known the world over
As mighty but as just Uncle Sam.

Now liberty could well
Allay her fears ;
She had found a home
She could dry her tears.

The like of which
She had not known on earth,
Since she was taken
From the mother that gave her birth.

Uncle Sam is democratic, through and through,
And he established here this grand republic,
For he very well knew,
Its the best form of government for the many or few.

And with great liberty
Clothed us all,
Within the sweet blending colors,
Of the red white, and blue.

Since the bright beaming,
Light streaming emblem,
The glory of the brave and the true,
That best loved and most glorified
Red white and blue.

Now it is not for us to reflect
On the teas, the leaves, or the trees,
For God as we know for the benefit of man
Created all of these.

And by the same token and power
Was flung to the breezes Old Glory,
And is held there as serenely she waves
And inspiration to the living, and as often caressing
The tombs of her heroes, her brave.

Through Uncle Sam as a man,
From the lion to the lamb,
Still there is a great work to do,
Lighting the world to liberty.

With that same star light,
Sun beaming emblem, our flag,
Old glory, ever new,
With her love of justice.

Which is her real beauty,
And it is entwined round each thread,
And mingled with the colors too,
And sparkling out.

With our bright stars golden hue,
Through each and every fold
Of that good flag,
With the true red, white and blue.

No, liberty could not have found
A mightier man to have held her forth,
Than Uncle Sam. Liberty we know
To be very sweet.

And the kind Uncle Sam has got
It most complete;
And with it by Kings and Kaisers,
The good boy just can't be beat.

He is a champion,
From the top of his head
To the sole of his feet;
Those big strong hands,

With the broad busy feet,
And that thrifty goatee,
And the smile he has for us all,
Is good to see.

With his great tall hat,
And long tailed coat,
Who toys with liberty
He goes after their goat.

For he knows
The blamed things would chew
Holes in that grand rag,
With the sweet peachy red, white and blue.

Uncle Sam was born a good baby,
Now he is a grand old kid,
And we are all justly proud
Of the things that he did.

Why he whipped Johnny Bull again,
When he was a real young fellow,
Cleaned up ourselves,
But found none yellow.

But now its all hail Columbia, with a glad hand,
Without a boast or a brag,
Just all reunited and loving
That one glorious, star bedecked flag.

That is now damped with our best blood,
That of the loyal and true,
And carried by them over there too,
While we prayed, it availed and failed not,
Those our dear ones with the red, white and blue.

Uncle Sam goes forth
With liberty in his arms,
And true hearts in his hands,
And he has made friends in all lands,
And with them he falls or stands.

He is good to us all,
This uncle of ours,
He don't wait for death
To furnish the flowers.

To us born here
To him so dear,
But how has he treated others.
Our sisters and brothers.

Whether they came from the
North, East, South, or West,
Or from the far and near,
With a smile or a tear.

He just welcomed them all,
And broadly smiled,
And said, "Come in, we will adopt you, child.
Now go out among the rest."

Expecting of course,
They would do their best.
And we all know,
We have been doubly blest.

For Uncle Sam is big and strong,
And he never used any foreign dope,
In his whole life long;
Nor has he any double.

Nor did he ever go out looking for trouble;
But there is a self styled doctor,
That lives over the sea,
That sent word to U. S. A., the land of the free,

To look out for his devils,
Beneath the waves,
Or in the ocean
They might find their graves.

And while his friends hocked the old Kaiser,
He just laughed and said he,
"Now they can't blame me
If they all get blown to eternity."

Then our Uncle Sam looked up,
As if over a hill,
And there beheld that old Kaiser Bill,
Handing us all a bitter pill.

Well we took them
And went chewing them down,
While Uncle Sam's good boys got ready,
To march on his bum town, Berlin.

And when Uncle Sam
Buttoned up his long tailed coat,
They were convinced he had
Captured their goat.

Now when this world war is over
With all its ills,
And the muss is all cleaned up
Caused by Bill's pills.
The infernal old pup.

Won't it be a devil
That can come down low enough to see,
This devil's own fool trying to blow
Hell out through eternity?

While Uncle Sam lives on
To bless humanity
For won't old Kaiser Bill
And his cohorts,

For their crimes have to atone
The like of them claiming a partnership
With a just God, that they found not at home;
Had they not as well been begging
The devil to let them alone?

Uncle Sam has the right respect
For all peoples and nations, their colors,
And flags, and for the principles that they represent
That are found to be true.

But for us and our heritage, invincible
Red, white and blue,
For with our best blood dye red
Leaving white adorned threads.

And then that sky blue;
Why it's our God given treasure,
That is to fly the ages through;
It delivers the goods, this red, white and blue.

For what nation can brag,
Of the colors or rag,
Or can hang up a flag in lieu
Of so many good deeds well done.

For that great Christian principle,
For liberty and justice;
With honor and glory fought through
As beautiful you, red, white and blue.

Uncle Sam has ever held his eagle eyes
Aloft on Old Glory,
While she has been adding on new,
As she flies higher than a flag ever flew.

Old Glory ever new,
The heavens only are a fit place for you,
So God like the things you do,
We know He is guiding you
For He guides His own we find.

And you are His for His greater glory,
Through mankind;
And we know there is no people or nations
Shall ever exist to rue.

Or say, "Where is thy charity,
Oh, red, white and blue?"
But here that old glory shall
Ever fly when there is justice to be
Done or a tear to dry.

Now while these lines are
Roughly written and in form this piece is crude
But does the facts not remain true?
Is it not a devil that will not

Respect the rights of mankind?
Now that is just what old glory
Stands for, through and through
With her tear damped, blood seared.
But unconquerable, red, white and blue.

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